

house circle gathers round the fire-place. Deadly quarrels have been fought out between the house and the shore, the victims' bodies falling prey to the water-fiend of the Dells, who never gives up his dead. Upon the scenes of those days light has never been thrown. Old man Allen could tell tales he would, but he seldom speaks to his fellow-man, even casually, or unless some necessary want compels him; but lives in the old deserted tavern whose windows, boarded up, shut in with him the ghosts and phantasmagories and blood stains of a time and life forgotten by all around save the sole surviving actor.



NAVY YARD, DILLS OF THE WISCONSIN.

North from Allen's the river rushes through the Narrows, a place famous for its dangerous navigation, and to this day the terror of lumbermen. In the spring of the year the current is so rapid and treacherous, and the channel shifts so often, that the chances are terrible of breaking a raft into pieces, and hurling logs and men helplessly down into the mad, foaming depths. The river at this place is only fifty-two feet wide, but nothing is seen on either side that could afford a foothold or even a hand grasp to the drowning man. Once in the water, the strongest, most expert swimmer goes down and down, never to come up again. Above the Narrows the action of the current has chiseled out of the solid wall one of the Dells